

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then brother *John of Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas* and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure ransom him and free.
His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

King. Then this remaines, that we diuide our Power,
You Sonne *John*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,
Towards *Torke* shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the *Bisshope*,
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellious in this Land shall loose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

F I N I S.

*John Clarke is the last
owner of this Book;*

